

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected a Grammar schoole, to infect the youth of the Realme, and against the Kings Crowne and dignity, thou hast built vp a paper Mill; nay it will bee saide to thy face, that thou keep'st men in thy house that daily reads of bookes with red letters, & talks of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it.

And besides all this, thou hast appointed certaine Iustices of the Peace, in euery shire, to hang honest men that steal for their liuing, and because they could not reade, thou hast hung them vp: onely for which cause, they were most worthy to liue. Thou ridest on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

*Say.* Yes, what of that?

*Cade.* Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a cloake, when an honeste man then thy selfe, goes in his hose & doublet.

*Say.* You men of Kent.

*All.* Kent, what of Kent?

*Say.* Nothing, but *Bona terra.*

*Cade.* *Bonum terum*, zounds what's that?

*Dicke.* He speakes French.

*Will.* No tis Dutch.

*Nicke.* No tis Ouralian, I know it well enough.

*Say.* Kent (in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote)

Term'd it the ciuillst place of all this Land:

Then Noble Country-men heare me but speake,

I sold not France, nor lost I Normandie.

*Cade.* But wherefore dost thou shake thy head so?

*Say.* It is the pallsie, and not feare that makes me.

*Cade.* Nay, thou noddst thy head at vs, as who wouldst say, Thou wilt be euen with me if thou getst away: But ile make thee sure enough now I haue thee. Go take him to the standard in Cheape-side, and choppe off his head, and then go to Mile-end greene to sir Iames Cromer his son in Law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon two poles presently. Away with him.

*Exit one or two with the Lord Say.*  
There

*of Yorke and Lancaster*

There shall not a Nobleman weare a head  
But he shall pay me tribute for it.  
Nor there shall not a maide be married, but  
for her.

Mayden-head or else, Ile haue it my selfe:  
Marry I will that married men shall hold  
And that their wiues shall be as free as he  
can tell.

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.* O Captaine, London-bridge is a fire  
*Cad.* Runne to Billingsgate, and fetch P  
quench it.

*Enter Dicke and a Sergeant*

*Sergeant.* Iustice, iustice, I pray you fire  
this fellow heere.

*Cade.* Why what has he done?

*Sarg.* Alas sir he has rauisht my wife.

*Dick.* Why my Lord he would haue re  
And I went and entred my Action in his v

*Cade.* Dicke follow thy sute in her cor  
Your horson villaine, you are a Sergeant  
Take any man by the throate for twelue p  
And rest a man when he is at dinner,  
And haue him to prison ere the meate be  
Go Dicke take him hence, and cut out hi  
Hough him for running, and to conclude  
Braue him with his owne mace.

*Enter two with the Lord Sayes head*

*Cromers, upon two poles*

So, come carry them before me, and at e  
kisse together.

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham, and*

*Earle of Cumberland*

*Clif.* Why Countrey-men, and warlik  
What meanes these mutinous rebellions  
That you in troopes do muster thus your

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